

# THE WESTERN DEMOCRAT.

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"The States—Distinct as the Willow, but one as the Sea."

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The Louisville Journal says: We defy any tasteful lover of poetry to read the following lines without exclaiming—"How beautiful!"

My soul thy sacred image keeps,  
My midnight dreams are all of thee;  
For nature then in silence sleeps,  
And silence broods o'er land and sea;  
Oh, in that still, mysterious hour,  
How oft from waking dreams I start,  
To find thee but a fancy flower.

Thou cherished idol of my heart,  
Thou hast each thought and dream of mine—  
Have I in turn one thought of thee?  
Forever thine my dreams will be,  
Whate'er may be my fortune here;  
I ask not love—I claim from thee  
Only one boon, a gentle tear.

May ever blest visions from above  
Play brightly round thy happy heart,  
And may the beams of peace and love,  
Ne'er from thy glowing soul depart,  
Farwell! my dreams are still with thee,  
Hast thou one tender thought of me?

My joys like summer birds may fly,  
My hopes like summer blossoms depart,  
But there's one flower that cannot die—  
Thy holy memory in my heart;  
No dew that flower's cup may fill,  
No sunlight to its leaves be given,  
But it will live and flourish still,

As deathless as a thing of Heaven,  
My soul greets thee, unmasked, unshorn,  
Hast thou one gentle thought of me?  
Farwell! farwell! my far-off friend!  
Between us broad blue rivers flow,  
And coasts wave and plains extend,  
And mountains in the sunlight glow,  
The wind that breathes upon thy brow,  
Is not the wind that breathes on mine,  
The star beams shining on thee now  
Are not the beams that on me shine,  
But memory's spell is with us yet—  
Canst thou the holy past forget?

The bitter tears that you and I  
Way shed when'er by anguish bowed  
Eke'd out the noon-tide sky  
May meet and mingle in the cloud!  
And thus, my well-beloved friend, tho' we  
Far apart must live and move,  
Our souls, when God shall set them free,  
Can mingle in the world of love,  
This were an ecstasy to me—  
Say, would it be a joy to thee?

## Demoralizing Effects of Know-Nothingism.

If any thing could astonish us in this age of Know-Nothing trickery and deception, we might well be surprised at the lavish compliments poured out by Southern Know-Nothing presses upon Gov. Gardner, the abolition Know-Nothing Governor of Massachusetts, who received the nomination through the agency of the infamous Hiss of "Mrs. Patterson" memory. It is clearly demonstrated that Gardner, in his official capacity, aided in the removal of the virtuous and upright Loring from a Professorship in Harvard University, on account of his stern administration of the law for the re-education of fugitive slaves—yet, because on the eve of the Virginia election, and to make political capital here, he refused to sign the legislative order for the removal of Judge Loring from the office of Judge of Probate in Suffolk county, he is extolled by Southern presses as a "marvellous proper man!" Again, within the last few days, we have received information that for the same sinister motive, Gardner has vetoed the "Nullification Bill" which passed a Know-Nothing Legislature, and which they have again passed over the head of his veto. For this act, the Southern Know-Nothing presses sing praises in his praise, and the Richmond Whig and Petersburg Intelligencer cry out "Honor to Governor Gardner." Indeed, the Know-Nothing Union Republican at Staunton, before hearing of this last veto, put forth the boast that Gardner "has always been a zealous compromiser man."

To show the utter groundlessness of these compliments to one of the bitterest enemies of the South, and the consequent danger of an alliance with such men, we shall briefly re-produce some of the recent antecedents of this same unworthy Governor, whose election is justly regarded as having given a great impetus to the Know-Nothing abolition fanaticism in New England.

In a letter dated Boston, October 30, 1854, and addressed to "Hon. Charles Allen," Gardner spoke thus emphatically:

"It is not true that I am, or ever have been, in favor of the fugitive-slave bill. I never voted for a man who favored it, knowing such to be his views, and I must very much change before I ever do. I never, by word, act, or vote, favored its passage, and I am an advocate of its essential nullification, or, in lieu thereof, its unconditional repeal. Returning from Canada last June, I read in the cars that there was a petition for its repeal at the Exchange News-room, and on my arrival, before even going to my place of business, I hastened to the Exchange and signed the petition."

Mr. Gardner goes on minutely to defend himself from the charge of "being a Nebraska man," and states how, at a meeting of the Whig committee, he made a speech and offered a resolution to the effect "that the Whig organization should call a convention of the opponents of the Nebraska bill, without distinction of party, to nominate fusion candidates for State officers, as was done in Ohio, Vermont, and other States."

Such, in October 1854, (says the Boston Post) was the political status of the man be-named now fore the people as an imbedment of Know-Nothing nationality! Such were the declarations which it was absolutely necessary to make in order to take the abolition vote. Nobody denies that they accomplished their purpose. The abolitionists voted with a rush for Mr. Gardner; and he led into being the most thoroughly abolition legislature ever convened in this Commonwealth.

From the candidate we pass to the officer—from the man to the governor. His inaugural address was so completely abolition as to raise pains in the freest camp. He again and again denounced the repeal of the Missouri Compromise; and he declared that by every sacred and holy duty the country should "manfully demand the

restoration of the broken compact." He told the legislature that "the oft-repeated cry of disunion heralds no real danger to their ears;" and he submitted "whether additional legislation is required" to secure the habeas corpus and the trial by jury.

"In our comments on the governor's message—on the day after it was delivered—we remarked that, in this suggestion, as to habeas corpus and the jury trial, 'the free-soilers, in the legislature and out of it, will see a recommendation to take action against the fugitive slave law—such action as will array Massachusetts against the general government. Such a purpose cannot be too strongly deprecated. Let the most complete, treasonable, outrageously absurd and shameful measure ever passed by a State Legislature testify to the truth of our prediction.'"

And yet such is the man whom Southern Know-Nothing are to "honor"—a man, whose abolition message suggested and carried through an act nullifying the rights of southern slaveholders; and who, in his lauded veto of said acts for the purpose of upholding the South, says he "sees much of good in it" (he nullification act) VERY MANY of its provisions have my hearty approval; being doubtless aware, at the same time, that his Know-Nothing abolition allies of the Legislature were prepared to make the bill a law, as they did by an overwhelming majority!

We learn from a friend in Boston, that the result of the Virginia election excites the deepest interest in that quarter amongst the abolitionists who compose the body and soul of the Know-Nothing movement, and control its organization, and who would rejoice in the defeat of Henry A. Wise. Is this a time, then, for Virginians to falter in their duty, and to play into the hands of Massachusetts abolitionists? The honor and the very safety of the institutions of the Old Commonwealth, are involved in this contest, and we have not the shadow of a doubt, that the people of Virginia will to-day rise in the majesty of their strength, and crush a party whose purposes and practices are demoralizing and full of danger to our institutions. Let the Democracy of Richmond do their whole duty in the present crisis. They will have the aid of many honest men, formerly opposed to them in politics, but who now, enlisted in the glorious cause of civil and religious liberty, will strike a powerful blow in protecting the worst party that ever darkened the annals of this country.

Since writing the above, a gentleman has handed us the following extract of a private letter from a friend in Massachusetts, who is a Whig and a Native Virginian, and who draws a lovely picture of Massachusetts Know-Nothings, and of Governor Gardner, at present a great yet with Southern Know-Nothingings. How is it possible for decent Virginians to continue in alliance with such miserable creatures?

"This State of Massachusetts has originated nothing of late to interest you. Her Know-Nothing government has been all the winter, engaged in the most extravagant absurdities conceivable; and have wound up, at last, after visiting all the brothels in Boston and neighboring towns, in the capacity of committees of the General Court, drinking liquors at the expense of the State; endorsing most foolish laws, such as must remain dead letters on the statute book, by arraying their puny little State against the government and authority of the United States, but all the follies of the Massachusetts Legislature dwindle into the merest insignificance, when compared with the great one which the Whigs of Virginia are about to commit, under the name of Know-Nothings. How can it be possible that the Richmond Whig can so deceive itself as to believe that the Know-Nothing party of the North have any feeling in common with Southern men, or sympathy with Southern institutions? If the Whig imagines that the outlaws of the 'Order' can make national men of sectional abolitionists, its editor ought to be sent to Sunday School. I testify to that which I know, when I say that there is not a Know-Nothing in Massachusetts who is not violently opposed to the institution of slavery, and who does not, by his every act, whether in public or private life, demonstrate his deadly hostility to everything of a Southern character. It is the height of folly—the extremity of absurdity in the Whig to instance the recent veto of Gov. Gardner of the Loring expulsion address of the Legislature, to any national devotion of the party of Know-Nothings, of which he, Gardner, is the chief in this State. I say to you, sir, that Gardner is an abolitionist of the Wilson and Sumner school, and his desire to comply with the wishes of the Legislature to dismiss Judge Loring from office, was controlled only by influences which he dared not disregard."

WHAT A SCATTERING!—The Wilmington (N. Carolina) Journal of Monday says: "A gentleman who had been in the central portion of Virginia, wrote to a friend here a short time before the election in that State, that members were leaving the order there 'by battalions.' The same thing is happening in this State. Nearly every Democrat who had been drawn into the Council in Fayetteville has already left it. About two weeks ago over twenty came out in one night. The Fayetteville Carolinian states that twenty left the Council in Clinton within a day after the discussion in that place between Messrs. Reid and Winslow. The same will shortly be the case here. Virginia killed Know Nothingism in May—North Carolina will bury it in August. So note it be."

AN EDITOR'S MOUTH.—Some anonymous correspondent, having fallen out with the Editor of the Richmond Christian Advocate, threatens to stop his mouth. The Editor thinks it will be rather hard to do. He says: To such, and all others, who seem very solicitous to stop our mouth, we beg to suggest that they may be laboring under a small mistake in the matter of their ability to do that. We are persuaded they have not seen our mouth. If they would only "come and see for themselves"—one look at the gash nature made across the lower part of our face, would satisfy them of the fruitfulness of their efforts to stop it! The stern visaged resolve that signs: "It at first you don't succeed, Try, try again."

Would pale before that opening! Better give it up.

'Tis moral grandeur makes the mighty man.

## Spare Your Trees.

"Civilization uses a vast amount of wood, although for many purposes it is being fast superseded; but it is not the necessary use of wood that is sweeping away the forests of the United States so much as its wanton destruction. We should look to the consequences of this. Palestine, once well wooded and cultivated like a garden, is now a desert—the haunt of Bedouins—Greece in her palmy days, the land of laurel forests, is now a desolate waste. Persia and Babylon, the cradle of civilization, are now covered beneath the sand of the deserts, produced by the eradication of their forests. It is comparatively easy to eradicate the forests of the North, for they are of a gregarious order—one class succeeding another; but the tropical forests, composed of innumerable varieties, growing together in the most democratic union and equality, are never eradicated. Even in Hindostan, its many millions of population have never been able to conquer the phoenix life of its tropical vegetation. Forests act as regulators, preserving snow and rain from melting and evaporation, and producing a regularity in the flow of the rivers that drain them. When they disappear, thunder storms become less frequent and heavier, the snow melts in the first warm days of spring, causing freshets; and in the fall, the rivers dry up and cease to be navigable. These freshets and droughts produce also the malaria, which is the scourge of the Western bottom lands. Forests, although they are at first an obstacle to civilization, soon become necessary to its continuance. Our rivers, not having their sources above the snow line, are dependent on forests for their supply to water, and it is essential to the future prosperity of the country that they should be preserved."—Statesman's Journal.

These are excellent suggestions, which deserve to be carried out further, and we propose, therefore, to add a word or two of our own. Trees are not only useful in the points of view presented in the above extract, but in many others. There can be no doubt that they contribute essentially to enrich the soil, and they ought, therefore, to be carefully preserved by the farmer on all his spare lands. So ought the leaves and decaying wood, which ought either to be gathered and spread over the cattle yards or be permitted to lie where they fall. They ought never to be burned. We pointed out some weeks ago the unfortunate infatuation prevailing at the South on the subject of burning the woods—a practice that makes war upon the continued effort of nature to enrich the soil.

Trees contribute also to the health of man and beast. They afford a shade from the burning rays of the sun in spring and summer, and thus perform the double office of promoting the comfort and well-being of living creatures while protecting the earth from a wasteful evaporation of its moisture. A pasture without trees or shade of some kind will put no flesh upon the bones of grazing animals. Trees and other vegetation on the surface of the earth also arrest the atmospheric poison known, for the want of a better name, as miasma. A skirt of woods ought, if possible, always to be left between "the settlements" and any swamp, marsh or other damp locality which may be in the immediate neighborhood of the dwelling-house. It is well established that injudicious clearings, in disregard of this caution have rendered many places previously healthy entirely uninhabitable.

Trees ought to be carefully preserved along the margin of rivers by those dwelling immediately on, or near the river banks, for they not only tend to arrest the dense chilling fogs that arise in the autumn, and which, if not the proximate cause of intermittent fever and ague, are certainly conductors of miasma; but a margin of trees along the banks of the river contributes to prevent them from the wasting effects of rains and overflows. Where the river banks are subject to overflow, it is particularly important to preserve such a margin of trees, for not only do the roots help to hold the soil in place, but the trunks and dead growth form a sort of break water, retarding the current of the floods, and thus cause an increased alluvial deposit. Where the margin of the river is lower than the land immediately adjoining, or rather when the land is on a declivity towards the river, it is ruinous in the extreme to cut away the timber immediately on the banks. The consequence of doing so is, that destructive washes and gullies are formed, and in a few years not only is the best part of the soil swept away by the floods, but the fields become so furrowed and cut up as to become untenantable. Lamentable evidence of the truth of what we have said in this paragraph, is to be seen within every four miles along the course of our finest rivers—the Alabama, Tombigbee and Warrior. A man with a thinking head on his shoulders, looks out, as he travels up and down these streams, in amazement at the want of foresight displayed on almost every river plantation he passes, in the total disregard of these obvious suggestions of common sense.

But trees are not only useful—they are in the highest degree ornamental. It has been said, we believe, by some one—or if it has not, we take it upon us to say it ourselves—that the highest order of merely visible beauty must fill the eye not only with a picture of grace; of just and harmonious proportion, but be suggestive, also of utility—that is a wise purpose well executed. Seen in this light, is there any object in nature more beautiful than a majestic forest tree—one of our American live oaks, water oaks, elms or hickories? We name these as examples, for the names of our Silva Americana are legion. No country on the globe is so rich in the variety and majesty of its forest growth as America, and out of the tropics, no part of the continent is so bountifully supplied with this form of beauty as the Southern States of the Union. There is hardly a plantation in any part of the productive portions of Alabama, that does not at its first settlement afford a site for the dwelling house in the midst of a forest growth which would have been pronounced magnificent in Europe, and which, in a few years, might have been transformed, with very little labor, into an ornamental park of surprising beauty, which would have added many hundred, if not thousand, dollars to the value of the property. And yet what is generally the first step in the settlement of a farm? It is to find the highest "know" or hill on the tract, and forthwith to cut down every forest tree within a hundred yards of the spot selected for the dwelling house. Presently the house makes its appearance—ugly enough, usually, (for we Americans are certainly barbarians in rural

architecture,) but rendered absolutely hideous by the forest of stumps that surround it, interspersed with a few half starved rose bushes that constitute just ornament enough to put civilization to the blush!

We might say much more but we refrain; and in concluding our remonstrance against the barbarous warfare waged against the monarchs of the American forest we have only to add, as an admonition to our farmers—"spare your trees"—cultivate and nurse them. Spare the natural growth of the country and plant an orchard, and then even if you wear out your lands you will still leave a valuable inheritance to your children.

A word as to setting out trees may not be amiss in this connection.

The first point to be observed is to select a healthy tree. In doing this, look for a tree that grows much alone, rather than one in a dense thicket. The reason is that when the trunk and bark have been formed in a shade they will not bear exposure to the sun. 2nd, In lifting, bruise the roots as little as possible, and before you put the tree in its new locality cut off the bruised extremities of the roots with a sharp knife. The young roots are principally formed by granulation in a ring round the disordered extremities of the roots, and the limb or root of a tree this granulation will more take place when the extremity is badly bruised or mangled than it will when the extremity of a limb or member of the animal frame has suffered in the same manner. A smooth cut is the thing in the surgery of trees and in the surgery of the human body. 3rd, The tree ought generally to be topped; reduced to a clean shaft without limbs. The reason is that less demand is made upon the diminished roots of the tree, and while the new roots are forming, the tree is less exposed to the motions caused by the winds. 4th, It is bad policy to give water to the roots except at the time of planting. Repeated watering packs the earth too tight around the roots. 5th, The autumn months, say after the 1st of November, is the best season for setting out trees—1st, because the sun has less power to expel moisture out of the tree and out of the earth, and 2d, because young roots are formed during the winter which accelerate the growth in the following spring.

If these directions are followed there will be little difficulty in supplying the growth of trees wherever nature or a barbarous custom has left a place for their useful cultivation.

Mobile Register.

## Size of the Ark.

Infidels have objected to the size of the ark, and have asserted that it is quite absurd to suppose that ever there could be a vessel constructed large enough to hold all the creatures which must have been placed in it, together with sufficient food—it may be, for six or twelve months—water for the fishes, corn for the four-footed animals, and so on, and so on. Now we will take the dimensions of the ark from the record of Moses, and calculate them on the lowest possible scale. There are two definitions given of a cubit: one, that it is eighteen inches, or a foot and a half; the other, that it is one foot eight inches. We will take it only at the lowest. Moses states that the ark was three hundred cubits long; this would make it four hundred and fifty feet long, or about the length of St. Paul's Cathedral, London. The breadth of it he states to be fifty cubits; we states it to be seventy-five feet in breadth. He states it to be thirty cubits high; so that it was as long as feet in height. In other words, it was as long as St. Paul's Cathedral, nearly as broad, half as high. The tonnage of the ark, according to the calculation of modern carpenters, must have been thirty-two thousand tons. The largest English ship of-war, the St. Vincent, for instance, which is of a size altogether unimagined to those who have never seen it, is two thousand five hundred tons burden; so that the ark must have been equal to seventeen first-rate ships of-war, and if armed as such ships are, it would have contained much beyond eighteen thousand men, and provisions for them for eighteen months. Balfan has stated that all the four-footed animals may be reduced to two hundred and fifty pairs, and the birds to a still smaller number. On calculation, therefore, we shall find that the ark would have held more than five times the necessary number of creatures, and more than five times the required quantity of food to maintain them for twelve months.

Dr. Cumming.

ITEMS FOR THE LADIES.—Lady readers, will the following hints be useful? Britannia should be first rubbed gently with a woolen cloth and sweet oil, then washed in warm suds, and rubbed with soft leather and whiting. Thus treated, it will retain its beauty to the last. New iron should be gradually heated at first; after it has become injured with the heat it is not likely to crack. It is a good plan to put new earthenware into water, and let it heat gradually until it boils—then cool again. Brown earthenware, particularly, may be toughened in this way. A handful of wheat or rye bran, thrown in while boiling, will preserve the glazing so that it will not be destroyed by acid or salt. Clean a brass kettle, before using it for cooking, with salt and vinegar. The oilier scraps are shak-o, the longer they will wear. The dirt that collects under their grinds out the oil—Old bread may be made almost as good as new by dipping the loaf in cold water, then putting it in the oven after the bread is drawn, or in a sieve, and let it heat through. Ingingles is a most delicate starch for fine muslins. When boiling common starch, sprinkle in it a little fine salt; it will prevent its sticking. Some use sugar.

The Fayetteville Carolinian states that fifteen to twenty persons withdrew from the K. N. Council in that place on Monday last.

Never let your tongue go before your thought.

## A Word to Virginia.

We find the following eloquent and admirable remarks in the Philadelphia-Pennsylvanian:

"Occupying, as Virginia does, a central position in our Republic, and having a character for political wisdom such as no other State in the Union can boast of, upon her is thrown the duty of breaking the power of the corrupting invader. She has before her a Marathon, and in the field a Miltiades. Our recent election has been to the Secret Order what Thermopylae was to the Persians, from which that Order can draw a knowledge of the energy of the foe with which it will have to contend. Though discomfited by treachery and fraud, our party here gave the treasonable organization, by the vigor of its attack, a foretaste of what they are speedily to receive from the gallant Democracy of Virginia. All eyes are upon your efforts, and every noble heart beats responsive to your own. It cannot be too often repeated, that Virginia, up to the present moment, has been impregnable against the assaults of faction or treason, whether they came from the North or the South; and as she has hitherto been the just umpire in all our political controversies, we have a right to demand that she shall not forsake the right in the present emergency."

"Within the borders of Virginia remains a spot, not only sacred to liberty, but indignantly condemnatory of the Secret Lodges. The heights of Yorktown have not faded from view, nor have the recollections of the scene been obliterated from the pages of history. The blood of the Frenchman, the Irishman, and the German, there conmingled with that of the American, and together formed a cement for the temple of liberty. Shall a single stone of the temple be removed from its place, because it was laid by an exile, or a generous Frank. Has the voice of Patrick Henry been so long still, that Virginians have forgotten its deep pathos in defence of religious liberty? Have those great names, which, in becoming immortal, rendered Virginia so, because her generous bosom gave them nourishment, lost their virtue? Does no voice speak from the hallowed tomb of Washington? Or has Mount Vernon ceased to be a portion of the 'Ancient Dominion'? The concentric glories of Virginia, revolving in their eternal luminousness, must scorch and wither, by their purifying heat, so noxious and baleful an influence as Know-Nothing proscription. National corruption is the growth of ages, and Virginia has been too pure to be suddenly immersed in degradation. Hitherto the aspirations of her statesmen have been to the noblest of mental eminence, and her generosity too magnanimous, and her religion too fervid and sincere, to deny to the stranger within her gates the right which he has obtained first by invitation and then by Constitutional provision. Illustrous as she has ever been, Virginia will add additional lustre to her own name, and strength to the bonds of our Union, by striking to the dust the foul emanations of envy, hatred and revenge, as embodied in the dogmas of the Know-Nothing Lodges."

"But if these incentives are not sufficient to induce her people to shun the leprosy of the 'Secret Order,' let them look at the present humiliating condition of Pennsylvania and the city of Philadelphia. Rome, in the day of her greatest corruption, scarcely exceeded in depravity the scenes enacted by a Know-Nothing Legislature, which has just adjourned. Up to the era of Claudius, no open sale of the Empire had ever been made. Until the triumph of Know-Nothingism, an attempt to sell the United States Senatorship would have been deemed infamous, and assigned the guilty parties to a life of ignominy. In the case of Rome, it created the grossest licentiousness and gave all power to the praetorians. With that of Pennsylvania profligacy became exalted, and the Secret Order more dangerous even than the hiring soldiery of the Eternal City, swayed the destinies of the State, and controlled its offices and patronage. If the sale of the Empire was more open than the other, it was also more manly, because both bidders and vendors met each other face to face in the market place. In the sale of the United States Senatorship, the bidders were there in exciting contest for the prize, bidding with animated zeal; but the skulking, cowardly miscreants who offered it as merchandise, sought shelter in the darkness of their Lodges Rooms, or in the mansion of the principle bidder and his friend. We know who were the real contestants for the prize, although the report of the Investigating Committee, in its deceptive habiliments, but half informs the cursory reader. Why were not Cummings and Cameron examined? Why did the Committee refuse to subpoena them? Let coward guilt, with pallid fear, preserve its silence, still the great mind of the community will form the verdict aright. The Sergeant-at-Arms could be sent hundreds of miles for other parties less guilty, but the supposed principals in the transaction, who were within, and but a step without, their own chamber, must not be subjected to interrogation."

DOES FREEZING KILL?—In the basin under the dome of the Crystal Palace we noticed last fall a number of goldfish flashing their bright sides in the clear water. Yesterday we saw them again, as lively as ever, and remarked to Sam Brewthor, the superintendent: "So your fish lived through the winter, but they are not so bright colored as last fall." "No wonder—the color froze off; the wonder is the fish did not, for that basin was a solid cake of ice, and those fish were as solid as any part of it. But they thawed out as good as new, except the color, and that is coming on with warm weather. I think that settles the question, that freezing don't kill!"—Tribune.

Love is as necessary to a woman's heart as a fashionable bonnet to her head. Indeed, we think rather more so; for nothing less than a large measure of love will content her heart, whereas the recent fashion has shown that she can be satisfied with a very little bonnet.

Love is a shining mark a signal blow.

## Journey Around the Tapioca Pudding.

Dr. Bushwhacker told his napkin, drew it through the silver ring, laid it on the table, folded his arms, and leaned back in his chair, by which we know there was something at work in his knowledge-box. "My dear madam," said he, with a Metamora shake of the head, "there are a great many things to be said about that pudding. My dear madam," he continued, "take tapioca itself; what is it, and where does it come from?" Our eldest boy just emerging from chickenhood, answered: "85 Chambers street, two doors below the Irving House."

"True, my dear young friend," responded the Doctor, with a friendly pat on the head; but that is not what I mean. Where, he repeated, with a questioning look through his spectacles, and a Bushwhackerian nod, "does tapioca come from?"

"Rio de Janeiro and Para!" "Yes, sir, from Rio de Janeiro in the southern, and Para in the northern part of Brazil. We get our tapioca; from the roots called the Mandioca, botanically, the Jatropha Manihot, or, as they say, the Cassava. The roots are long and round, like a sweet potato; generally a foot or more in length. Every joint of the plant will produce its roots like the cuttings of grape-vine. The tubers are dug up from the ground, peeled, or grated, then put in long sacks of flexible rattan; sacks six feet long or more, and at the bottom of the sack they suspend a large stone, by which the flexible sides are contracted, and then out pours the cassava-juice in a pan placed below to receive it. This juice is poisonous, and very volatile. Then, my dear madam, it is macerated in water, and the residue, after the volatile part, the poison, is evaporated, is the innocuous farina, which looks like small crumbs of bread, and which we call tapioca. The best kind of tapioca comes from Rio, which is, I believe, about five hundred miles from New York; so we must put down that as a little more than one-fifth of our voyage around the pudding."

"This made our eldest open his eyes. 'Eggs and milk,' continued Dr. Bushwhacker, 'are home productions; but sugar, refined sugar, is made partly of the sweet yellow sugar of Louisiana, partly of the hard and dry sugar of the West Indies. I will not go into the process of refining sugar now, but I may observe here that the sugar we get from Louisiana, if refined and made into a loaf, would be quite soft, with large loose crystals while the Havana sugar, subjected to the same treatment, would make a white cone almost as compact and hard as granite. But we have made a trip to the Antilles for our sugar, and so you may add fifteen hundred miles more for the macerating.'"

"That is equal to nearly one-third of the circumference of the pudding we live upon, Doctor." "Vanilla," continued the Doctor, "with which this pudding is so delightfully flavored, is the bean of a vine that grows wild in the mountainous forests of Venezuela, New Granada, Guiana, and, in fact, throughout South America. The long pod, which looks like the scabbard of a sword, suggested the name to the Spaniards; *vaina* meaning scabbard, from which comes the diminutive *vanilla*, or little scabbard—appropriate enough as every one will allow. The beans, which are worth here from six to twenty dollars a pound, could be as easily cultivated as hops in that climate; but the incidence of the people is so great that not one Venezuelan has been found with sufficient energy to set out one acre vanilla, which would yield him a small fortune every year. No, sir. The poor peon, or peasants, raise their garbanzas for daily use, but beyond they never look. They plant their crops in the footsteps of the ancestors, they would probably have browsed on the wild grass of the llanos or plains. Ah! there are great many such bobs hanging at the tail of some ancestral kin, even in this great city, my dear, learned friends."

"True, Doctor, you are right there." "Well, sir, the vanilla is gathered from the wild vines in the woods. Off goes the Hidalgo, proud of his noble ancestry, and toils home under a back load of the refuse beans from the trees, after the red monkey has had his pick of the beast. A few reals pay him for the day's work, and then, they for the cock-pit! There, Signor Oldfogie meets Marquis de Shipplaster, or the Padre Corcorochi, and of course gets whistled of his earnings with the first click of the gaffs. Then back he goes to his miserable hammock, and so ends his year's labor. That, sir, is the history of the flavoring, and you will have to allow a stretch across the Caribbean, and twenty-five hundred miles for the vanilla."

"We are getting pretty well around, Doctor."

"Then we have sauce, here, wine-sauce; Tencrille, I should say, by the flavor."

"—from beneath the cliff  
Or sunnyside Tenerife  
And ripened in the blink  
Of India's sun."

"We must take four thousand miles at least for the wine, my learned friend, and say nothing of the rest of the sauce."

"Except the nutmeg, Doctor."

"Thank you my dear young friend, thank you. The nutmeg! To Spice Islands, in the Indian Ocean, we are indebted for our nutmegs. Our old original Knickerbocker, the web-footed Dutchman, have the monopoly of this trade. Every nutmeg has paid toll at the Hague before it yields its aroma to our graters. The Spice Islands! The almost fabulous Moluccas, where neither corn nor rice will grow, where the only quadrupeds they have are the musky crocodiles that bathe in the high-seasoned waters. The Moluccas, —the Isles of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring their spicy drugs."

"There, sir! Milton, sir! From Ternate and Tidore, and the rest of that marvellous cluster of islands, we get our nutmegs, our mace, and our cloves. Add twelve thousand miles at least to the circumference of the pudding to the nutmeg. This is getting to be a pretty large pudding, Doctor."

"Yes, sir. We have traveled, already, twenty-five thousand five hundred miles around it, and now let us re-circumnavigate and come back by the way of Mexico, so that we can get a silver spoon, and penetrate into the interior."

A Woman's Age is warranted to keep in any climate.